



This Day in History.

THIS is the anniversary of the death in 1772 of Emanuel Swedenborg, the Swedish mystic who founded the cult named for him. He believed that God alone lives, that man is dead and his apparent life is the divine presence. There are now about 20,000 members of his church throughout the world.

"THE DARK STAR"

A Wonderful New Novel By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Jim Neeland, Taking Rue by the Waist, Tilts Back Her Head and Kisses Her Soft Warm Lips as He Says Goodnight, and She Shyly Thinks the Experience Agreeable.

SYNOPSIS.

Ruhannah Carew, born in Trebizond, daughter of an American missionary. Reversad Wilbour Carew, accompanies her parents to their old home in Gayneld, New York State, after the father had been crippled by a Mohammedan fanatic. Her favorite amusement is playing with the wonder box of the late Herr Conrad Wilner, a few pages of whose diary are always read by her father or mother to her as a bedtime wiery. The box contains treasures with which Rue plays and finds absorbing interest. She learns from the diary that Wilner saw the box being dropped from a yacht in the Bosphorus and fished it up with the body of a maufiful girl sewn in a sack. Ruhannah Carew, born in Trebizond,

Winer, as an agent of the German government, makes plans for fortifying Gallipeli. The duplicates of these are stelen and he gets evidence that the Turks seek his jife. He gives the box to Rav. Mr. Carew for safe keeping, with instructions to send the plans. ing, with instructions to send the plans te Berlin in case he is killed. He is stened to death, but Mr. Carew keeps

stoned to death, but Mr. Carew keeps
the papers.
The child displays a talent for
drawing. She learns she is to get a
legacy of \$6,000 upon her marriage.
Rue meets Jim Neeland, a young
artist, and likes him.

CHAPTER IV-Continued.

He remained silent, sorry for her, thinking also that the chances were against her having any particular talent, consoling a heart that was unusually sympathetic and tender with the conclusion that this girl would be happier here in Brookhollow than scratching around the purlieus of New York to make both onds meet.

"It's a tough deal," he remarked, abruptly. "-I mean this art stuff. You work like the dickens and kick your heels in ante-rooms. If they take your stuff they send you back to alter it or redraw it. I don't know how anybody makes a living at it-in the beginning."

No." He reddened; but she could not notice it in the moonlight "No," he repeated; "I have an allowance from my father. I'm new

"Couldn't a man-a girl-support herself by drawing pictures for magazines?" she inquired tremu-"Oh, well," of course there are some

who have arrived-and they manage to get on. Some even make wads, you know. "W-wads?" she repeated, mysti-

"I mean a lot of money. There's that girl on the Star, Jean Throssel, who makes all kinds of wealth, they say, out of her spidery, filmy girls in ringlets and cheesecloth dinner

Yes, Jean Throssel, and that Waythorne girl, Belinda Waythorne, you know-does all that stuff for the Looking Glass-futurist graft, no mouths on her people-she makes hers. I understand." It was rather difficult for Rue to

follow him amid the vernacular

Art Work Hard Sledding.

"Then, of course," he continued, "men like Alexander Fairless, and Philip Lightwood who imitates him, make fortunes out of their drawing. I could name a dozen, perhaps. But the rest-hard sledding, Miss Carew!"

Well, I don't know what on earth I'd do if dad didn't back me as his fancy. "A father ought to, if he can offord it."

"Oh, I'll pay my way some day. It's in me. I feel it; I know it. I'll make plenty of money," he assured her confidently. "I'm sure you will."

"Thank you," he smiled. "My friends tell me I've got it in me. I have one friend in particular-the Princess Mistchenka-who has all kinds of confidence in my future. When I'm blue she bolsters me up. She's quite wonderful. I owe her a lot for asking me to her Sunday nights and for giving me her friendship." "A-princess?" whispered the girl, who had drawn pictures of thousands but was a little startled to realize that such fabled creatures really exist.

"Is she very beautiful?" she add-"She's tremendously pretty." "Her-clothes are very beautiful, I suppose," ventured Rue.

"Well-they're very - smart Everything about her is smart, Her Sunday night suppers are wonderful. You meet people who do things all sort-everybody who is some-

body. "I think myself very lucky that the Princess Mistchenka should be my friend, because, honestly, Miss Carew, I don't see what there is in me to interest such a woman." Rue thought she could see, but

remained silent "If I had my way." said Neeland, e few moments later, "I'd drop illustrating and paint battle scenes. But it wouldn't pay, you see."

"Couldn't you support yourself by painting battles?" "Not yet," he said honestly. "Of course I have hopes-intentions-

he laughed, drew his reins; the silvery chimes clashed and jingled and flashed in the moonlight; they had arrived. At the door he said:

"I hope some day you'll have a chance to take lessons. Thank you for dancing with me. * * * If you ever do come to New York to study, I hope you'll let me know." "Yes," she said, "I will."

He was halfway to his sleigh. looked back, saw here looking back as she entered the lighted doorway. "Good-night, Ruc," he said impulsively, warmly sorry for her.

"Good-night," she said. The drop of Irish blood in him prompted him to go back to where she stood framed in the lighted doorway. And the same drop was no doubt responsible for his taking her by the waist and tilting back her head in its fur hood and kissing

her soft, warm lips. She looked up at him in a flushed. newildered nort of way, not resisting; but his eyes were so gay and | and new bearings for the overfed |

engaging that a breathless, uncertain smile began to edge her lips; and it remained stamped there, stiffening even after he had jumped into his cutter and had driven away. jingling joyously out into the dazzling moonshine.

Rue Liked the Kins.

In bed, the window open, and the covers pulled to her chin, Rue lay wakeful, living over again the pleasures of the evening; and Neeand's face was always before her open eyes, and his pleasant voice seemed to be sounding in her ears. As for the kiss, it did not trouble her. Girls she went with were not infrequently so saluted by boys. That, being her own first experience, was important only in that degree. And she shyly thought the experience agreeable. And, as she recalled, revived, and considered all that Neeland had said, it seemed to her that this young man led an enchanted life and that such as he were indeed companions fit for prin-

nounce the name. CHAPTER V.

"Princess Mistchenka," she repeat-

ed aloud to herself. And somewhow

it sounded vaguely familiar to the

girl, as though somewhere, long ago,

she had heard another voice pro-

Ex Machina. After she had become accustomed to the smell of rancid oil and dyestuffs and the interminable racket of machinery she did not find her work at the knitting mill disagreeable. It was like any work, she imagined, an uninteresting task which had to be done.

The majority of the girls and young men of the village worked there in various capacities; wages were fair, salaries better, union regulations prevailed. There was nothing to complain of.

And nothing to expect except possible increase in wages, holidays, and a disquieting chance of getting caught in the machinery, which familiarity soon discounted. As for the social status of the mill workers, the mill was Gayfield: and Gayfield was a village where the simpler traditions of the republic still survived; where there existed no invidious distinction in vocation; a typical oldtime community harboring the remains of a Grand Army Post and too many churches of too many denominations; where the chance metropolitan stranger was systematically "done"; where distrust of all cities and desire to live in them was equaled only by a passion formoving pictures and automobiles: where the school trustees used double negatives and traced their ancestry to Colonial considerables -who, however, had signed their names in "lower case" or with a Maltese cross-the world in miniature, with its due proportion of petty graft, petty squabbles, envy. kindness. jealousy, generosity, laziness, ambition, stupidity, intelligence, honesty, hypocrisy, hatred. affection, badness and goodness, as standardized by the code established according to folk-ways on earth -in brief, a perfectly human com-

that was Gayfield, Mohawk County. Before spring came-before the first robin appeared, and while icy roads still lay icy under sunlit pools of snow-water-a whole winter indoors, and a sedentary one, had changed the smoothly tanned and slightly freckled cheeks of Rue Carew to a thinner and paler oval. Under her transparent skin a tea-rose pink came and went; under her gray eyes lay bluish shadows. Also, floating particles of dust, fleecy and microscopic motes of cotton and wool filling the air in the room where Ruhannah worked, had begun to irritate her throat and bronchial tubes; and the girl developed an intermittent

munity composed of the usual in-

gredients, worthy and unworthy-

cough. Goes to Box Factory.

When the first bluebird arrived in Gayfield the cough was no longer intermittent; and her mother sent her to the village doctor. So Rue Carew was transferred to the box factory adjoining, in which the mill made its own paper boxes. where young women sat all day at intelligent machines and fed them with squares of pasteboard and strips of gilt paper; and the intelligent and grateful machines responded by turning out hundreds and hundreds of complete boxes, all neatly gilded, pasted, and labeled And after a little while Ruhannah was able to nourish one of these obliging and responsive machines. And by July her cough had left her. and two delicate freckles adorned the bridge of her nose.

The half-mile walk from and to Brookhollow twice a day was keeping her from rapid physical degeneration. Yet, like all Northern American summers, the weather be came fearfully hot in July and August, and the half-mile even in early morning and at 6 in the even ing left her listless, nervously dreading the great concrete-lined room, the reek of glue and oil, the sweaty propinquity of her neighbors, and the monotonous appetite of the sprawling machine which she fed all day long with pasteboard

She went to her work in early morning, bareheaded, in a limp pink dress very much open at the throat. which happened to be the merciful mode of the moment-a slender, sweet-lipped thing, beginning to move with grace now-and her chestnut hair burned gold-pale by

There came that movable holiday in August, when the annual shutdown for repairs closed the mill and box factory during forty-eight hours-a matter of prescribing oil machines so that their digestions should remain unimpaired and

their dispositions amiable. It was a hot August morning, intensely blue and still, with that slow, subtle concentration of suspended power in the sky, ominous of thunder brooding somewhere beyond the western edges of the

Ruhannah aided her mother with the housework, picked peas and a squash and a saucer full of yellow pansies in the weedy little garden, and, at noon, dined on the trophies of her husbandry, physically and esthetically.

Draws Stone Bridge. After dinner, dishes washed, and room tidied, she sat down on the

narrow, woodbine-infested veranda with pencil and paper, and attempted to draw the stone bridge and the little river where it spread in deeps and shallows above the broken dam. Perspective was unknown to her;

of classic composition she was also serenely ignorant, so the absence of these in her picture did not annoy her. On the contrary, there was something hideously modern and recessional in her vigorous endeavor to include in her drawing everything her gray eyes chanced to rest on. She even arose and gently urged a cow into the already overcrowded composition, and, having accomplished its portrait with Cezanne-like fidelity, was beginning to look about for Adoniram to inlude him also, when her mother called to her, holding out a pair of old gloves.

"Dear, we are going to save a little money this year. Do you think you could catch a few fish or supper."

The girl nodded, took the gloves, laid aside her pencil and paper, picked up the long bamboo pole from the veranda floor, and walked slowly out into the garden. A trowel was sticking into the dry

earth near the flower bed, where

poppies, and pansies, and petunias, and phlox bordered the walk. Under a lilac the ground seemed moister and more promising for vermicular investigation; she drew on her gloves, dug a few holes with the trowel, extracted an angleworm. frowned slightly, holding it between gloved fingers, regarding its contor-

tions with pity and aversion. To bait a hook was not agreeable to the girl; she managed to do it, however, then shouldering her pole she walked across the road and down to the left, through rank grasses and patches of milkweed. bergamot, and queen's lace, scattering a cloud of brown and silver-

spotted butterflies. Alder, elder, and Indian willow barred her way; rank thickets of jewelweed hung vivid blossoming drops across her path: woodbine and clematis trailed dainty snares to catch her in their fairy nets: a rabbit acurried out from behind the ruined paper mill as she came to the swift, shallow water below the

Casts Her Line Over.

Into this she presently plumped her line, and the next instant jerked it out again with a wriggling. silvery minnow flashing on the

Carrying her pole with its tiny. glittering victim dangling aloft. Rue hastily retraced her steps to the road, crossed the bridge to the further end, seated herself on the limestone parapet, and, swinging her pole with both hands, cast line and hook and minnow far out into the pond. It was a business she did not care for-this extinguishing the life spark in anything. But like her mill work, it appeared to be necessary business, and, so re-

garding it, she went about it. The pond above the half-ruined dam lay very still; her captive minnow swam about with apparently no discomfort, trailing on the surface of the pond above him the cork which buoyed the book.

Rue, her pole clasped in both hands between her knees, gazed with preoccupied eyes out across the water. On the sandy shore a pair of speckled tip-ups ran busily about, dipping and bobbing, or spread their white, striped wings to sheer the still surface of the pond, swing shoreward with bowed wings again, and resume their formal, quaint, and busy manners.

From the interstices of the limestone parapet grew a white bluebell-the only one Rue had ever seen. As long as she could remember it had come up there every year and bloomed, snow white amid a world of its blue comrades in the grass below. She looked for it now, saw it in bud-three sturdy stalks sprouting at right angles from the wall and curving up parallel to it. Somehow or other she had come to associate this white freak of nature with herself-she scarcely knew why. It comforted her, oddly, to see it again, still surviving, still delicately vigorous, though where among those stone slabs it found its nourishment she never could imagine.

altered since noon; the west became gradually duller and the air stiller; and now, over the Gayfield hills, a tall cloud thrust up silveryedged convolutions toward a zenith still royally and magnificently blue. She had been sitting there watching her swimming cork for over an hour when the first light western breeze arrived, spreading a dainty ripple across the pond. Her cork danced, drifted; beneath it she caught the momentary glimmer of the minnow; then the cork was jerked under; she clasped the pole with all her strength, struck upward, and a heavy pickerel, all gold and green, sprang furiously from the water and fell back with

The intense blue of the sky had

a sharp splash. Under the sudden strain of the fish she nearly lost her balance. scrambled hastily down from the parapet, propping the pole desperately against her body, and stood so, unbending, unyielding, her eyes fixed on the water where the taut line cut it at forty-five degrees.

At the same time two men in a red runabout speeding westward caught sight of the sharp turn by the bridge which the ruins of the paper mill had hidden. The man driving the car might have made it even then had he not seen Ruhannah in the center of the bridge. It was instantly all off; so were both mud guards and one wheel.

So were driver and passenger floundering on their backs among the rank grass and wild flowers. Ruhannah, petrified, still fast to her fish, gazed at the catastrophe over her right shoulder.

A broad, short, squarely built man of forty emerged from the weeds, went hastily to the car and did something to it. Noise ceased; clouds of steam continued to ascend from the crumpled hood.

The other man, even shorter, but slimmer, sauntered out of a bed of milkweed whither he had been catapulted. He dusted with his elbow a gray felt hat as he stool looking at the wrecked runabout: his comrade, still clutching a cigar between his teeth, continued to examine the car. "Hell!" remarked the short, thick-set man.

Thunder Booms Again. "It's going to rain like it, too,"

added the other. The thunder boomed again beyond Gayfield hills. "What do you know about this!" growled the thick-set man, in utter disgust. "Do we hunt for a garage, or what?"

"It's up to you, Eddie. And, say! What was the matter with you? Don't you know a bridge when you "That damn girl-" He turned and looked at Ruhannah, who was

dragging the big, flapping pickerel over the parapet by main strength. The men scowled at her in silence, then the one addressed as Eddie rolled his cigar grimly into the left corner of his jaw. "Damn little skirt." he observed

briefly. "It seems to worry her a lot what she's done to us." "I wonder does she know she wrecked us," suggested the other. He was a stunted, wiry little man of thirty-five. His head seemed slightly too large; he had a pasty face with the sloe-black eyes, button nose, and the widely chiseled

mouth of a circus clown The eyes of the short-thick-net man were narrow and grayishgreen in a round, smoothly shaven face. They narrowed still more as the thunder broke louder from the

Ruhannah, dragging her fish over the grass, was coming toward them: and then the man called Eddie stepped forward to bar her progress. "Say, girlle," he began, the cigar still tightly acrewed into his cheek "is there a juice mill anywhere near us. d'v'know?"

"What?" said Rue. "A garage." "Yes: there is one at Gayfield." "How far, girlie?"

Rue flushed, but answered: "It is half a mile to Gayfield." The other man, noticing the color in Ruhannah's face, took off his pearl-gray hat. His language was less grammatical than his friend's,

but his instincts were better. "Thank you," he said-his companion staring all the while at the girl without the slighest expression. "Is there a telephone in any of them houses, miss?"-glancing around behind him at the three edtfices which composed the crossroads called Brookhollow. "No," said Rue.

It thundered again: the world around had become very dusky and silent and the flash veined a rapidly blackening west. "It's going to rain buckets," said

the man called Eddie. "If you live around here, can you let us come into your house till it's over, girler miss "" "I'm Mr. Brandes - Ed Brandes, of New York - speaking through eigar-clutching teeth. "This is Ben

"I live there," said Rue, nodding across the bridge, "You may go Rue Walks Ahead.

Stull, of the same. * * * It's rain-

ing already. Is that your house?"

She walked ahead, dragging the in. Stull went to the car, took two suitcases from the boot; Brandes threw both overcoats over his arm, and followed in the wake of Ruhannah and her fish. "No Saratoga and no races today, Eddie," remarked Stull. But Brandes' narrow, grey-green cyes were following Ruhannah.

"It's a pity." continued Stull, 'somebody didn't learn you to drive a car before you ask your friends joy-riding." "Aw-shut up." returned Brandes slowly, between his teeth. They climbed the flight of steps to the verandah, through a rapidly

thickening gloom which was ripped wide open at intervals by lightning. So Brandes and his shadow Rennie Stull, came into the home of Ruhannah Carew. Her mother, who had observed their approach from the window.

opened the door. "Mother," said Ruhannah, "here is the fish I caught-and two gentlemen." With which dubinus but innocent explanation she continued on toward

the kitchen, carrying her fish. Stull offered a brief explanation account for their presence; Brandes, listening and watching the mother out of greenish, sleepy eyes, made up his mind concerning her.

While the spare room was being prepared by mother and daughter. he and Stull, seated in the sittingroom, their hats upon their knees,



Rue Cast Line, Hook, and Minnow Far Out Into the Pond.

exchanged solemn commonplaces with the Rev. Mr. Carew. Brandes, always the gambler, always wary and reticent by nature. did all the listening before he came to conclusions that relaxed the stiffness of his attitude and the immobility of his large, round face.

Then, at ease under circumstances and conditions which he began to comprehend and have an amiable contempt for, he became urbane and conversational, and a little amused to find navigation so simple, even when out of his proper element. From the book on the invalid's knees. Brandes took his cue; and the conversation developed into a monologue on the present condition of foreign missions-skilfully inspired by the respectful attention and the brief and ingenious ques-

"Doubtless," concluded the Rev. Mr. Carew, "you are familiar with the life of Rev. Adoniram Judson, Mr Brandes?

tions of Brandes.

Brandes solemnly.

It turned out to be Brandes' favorite book. "You will recollect, then, the amazingly conditions in India which confronted Dr. Judson and his wife. Brandes recollected perfectly-

with a slow glance at Stull. Conditions in Armenia. "All that is changed," said the

invalid. "God be thanked. And conditions in Armenia are changing for the better. I hope." "Let us hope so," returned

"To doubt it is to doubt the goodness of the Almighty," said the Rev. Mr. Carew. His dreamy eyes became fixed on the rain-splashed window, burned a little with somber inward light. "In Trebizond," he began, "in my

His wife came into the room, saying that the spare bedchamber was ready and that the gentlemen might wish to wash before supper, which would be ready in a little

On their way upstairs they encountered Ruhannah coming down. Stull passed with a polic grunt; Brandes ranged himself for the girl to pass him. Ever so much obliged to you. Miss Carew," he said. "We have

put you to a great deal of trouble, I am sure." Rue looked up surprised, shy, not quite understanding how to reconcile his polite words and pleasant

voice with the voice and manner in which he had addressed her on the bridge. "It is no trouble," she said, flushing slightly. "I hope you will be

comfortable." And she continued to descend the stairs a trifle more hastily, not quite sure she cared very much to talk to that kind of man,

In the spare bedroom, whither Stuff and Brandes had been conducted, the latter was seated on the big and rather shaky maple bed, buttoning a fresh shirt and collar, while Stull took his turn at the basin. Rain beat heavily on the windows. "Say, Ben," remarked Brandes,

you want to be careful when we go downstairs that the old guy don't spot us for sporting men He's a minister, or something. Stull lifted his dripping face of a circus clown from the basin. "What's that"

Afraid to Shock People. "I say we don't want to give the old people a shock. You know what they'd think of us." "What do I care what they think."

"Can't you be polite?" "I can be better than that; I can be honest," said Stull, drying his sour visage with a flimsy towel.

After Brandes had tied his polkadot the carefully before the blurred "What do you mean by that?" he asked stolidly.

"Ah-1 know what I mean, Eddie So do you. You're a smooth talker, all right. You can listen and look wise, too, when there's anything in it for you. Just see the way you got Stein to put up good money for you! And all you done was to listen to him and keep your mouth shut. Brandes rose with an air almost

"Stein thinks he's the greatest manager on earth. Let him tell you so if you want anything out of him," he said, walking to the win-

ocular and smote Stull upon the

The volleys of rain splashing on the panes obscured the outlook Brandes flattened his nose against the glass and stood as though lost

in thought. TO BE CONTINUED MONDAY.

When a Girl Marries

A STORY OF EARLY WEDDED LIFE Anne Doesn't Get Very Far in Trying To Remold Virginia's Ideas of Pat Dalton

By Ann Lisle.

Copyright 1919, King Features Syndicate, CHAPTER CIII. yIRGINIA, aren't Jacque-

minot roses your favorites?" I asked, staking my hopes of reconciling her and Pat on her reply to that question. Virginia's eyebrows lifted quizzically, and she smiled reminiscently for a second before she replied: "Yes, they are. Why do you ask

that with such a grave air, Anne?" "Because it wasn't just an accident that Pat remembered. Of course he wouldn't go spying around on you. Of course he wouldn't ask me to keep him informed of your address. But when a lucky chance gave it to him-he remembered what flowers you liked best-and sent them with Sweetheart roses."

As I spoke each word tenderly and with slow emphasis, ,Virginia sat staring at me with puzzled eyes. The quizzical smile still touched her lips, but it was, fading-and with an air half terrified, half defiant, she was alternately twisting her white hands and then forcing them to lie still in her lap. At last she turned to me with a shy smile that seemed to belong to no phase of Virginia ever before revealed to me.

"You seem very fond of Pat. Anne. You seem to-believe in-his sincerity. Have you known him long? Actually I don't know how you came to meet him."

"I met him at the Blue Dragon Inn one day when we were motoring with Betty and Terry," I said, glad that I could tell this much of the truth, and hoping that I wouldn't need to reveal the rest of

"The Blue Dragon? People do meet at all sorts of out of the way places," said Virginia Idly. Then she looked up to answer the maid who stood in the doorway.

"Yes, Amanda?" "Mr. Sheldon Blake at the telephone, Mrs. Dalton," replied the girl

Puss in Boots

By David Cory.

T was Christmas eve as Puss Junior and Tom Thumb came to a pretty village. Over the sparkling snow the villagers were bringing in fir trees from the forest. Sleigh bells rang out merrily and troops of children filled the street. Tom Thumb was perched on Puss Junior's shoulder, for the snow was deep, and it was impossible for two such short legs as Tom's to tramp

through the drifts. Hello!" exclaimed a big. goodnatured man, who was dragging a large fir tree over the snow, "look who's here. Tom Thumb and Puss in Boots. Come home with me, my little friends. My children will be

happy to see you." "Thank you, my good sir," replied Puss Junior. "What say you, Tom? Shall we accept this kind invita-

tion?" "Of course," replied Tom. "Then follow me," said the man. "The sun will soon be going down, and I must get this tree home in time to hang the presents on it." "We will help you," cried Puss

Junior and Tom Thumb. "Ha, ha!" laughed the man. "I think I'll hang Mr. Tom Thumb on the tree. He would make a very

fine present." Tom leaned over and whispered in Puss Junior's ear: "I don't want to be hung!"

"Never fear," replied Puss Junior, "I shall allow no one to hang you for a present, or put you in the toe of a stocking. You are my little comrade, and together we go, you Well, by-and-by they arrived at

the man's house, where a troop of

merry children ran out to greet them; and when they saw Puss Junior and Tom Thumb they shouted with delight: "Oh; father, where did you find these two dear little fellows And after supper, when Mr. Horner opened the parlor door, a beautiful sight met their eyes. The tree was hung from top to bottom

with lovely presents. The candles

twinkled and winked among the

silver tinsel, and the colored balls and trinkets glistened upon the branches. Then Puss Junior and the children danced around the tree, while Tom Thumb being so very little, stood upon the table and beat a small toy drum with all his might. And after the children were tired of dancing the presents were given out, and Puss received a lovely pair of mit-

tens and Tom Thumb a little fur coat, while-"Little Jack Horner sat in a corner, Eating a Christmas pie. He put in his thumb and he took out a plum.

And said, 'What a good boy am Copyright, 1919, David Cory. (To Be Continued.)

DO YOU LIKE BOOKS?

Ravaged Poland's part in the great war is portrayed vividly in a new book by Beatrice Baskerville. "The Playground of Satan." In a masterly story, vivid in description and tender in human appeal, the author finds her chief characters in an aristocratic family who date from the Crusaders. A compelling story of love and supreme sacrifice. making an intense appeal to the & Co., New York. Price, \$1.50 net. Victory Liberty Bonds.

with an air of assurance that showed this was by no means the first time she had reported Sheldon Blake at

"Tell Mr. Blake that I am busy now and cannot come to the 'phone,' ordered Virginia, with no quickening of interest.

Amanda looked at me with an air that seemed to protest. "Call this busy? Why, this is only a lady calling on you-you don't need to put off a handsome gentleman who tips the way Mr. Blake does, for

Aloud she asked: "Shall I tell Mr. Blake to call

"No, Amanda-just tell Mr. Blake that I am busy." Virginia turned again to me: "You were telling me about the party Betty and Terry gave at the Blue Dragon Inn. Do go on, Anne."

"Why, we were motoring with them-and Terry stopped to 'phone -and my brother Neal came flying out to ask us to join him," I said awkwardly, a little timid about too many details.

Virginia wrinkled her fine brows in pretty puzzlement. "Was Pat with your brother?" Where did they meet? "Through Evvy," I replied, still more uneasily. The conversation

was threatening getting away from

me, and I didn't see quite where it was going to land us both. Virginia a Skeptic. "Through Evvy? Anne, you're so oddly non-committal all of a sudden. What is the mystery of how you met my husband? Was he-

with another woman?" As Virginia spoke her hands began twisting in her lap again, and her nostrils quivered a bit, like those of a sensitive racehorse. "He wasn't really with any one special, but in a party with Neal and Evvy and Miss Sturges," I parried. "Then we all joined forces,

and the very first thing he did was to ask Jim: 'How's Jeanie?" Virginia ignored that. "Miss Sturges?" she said.. "Not Carlotta Sturges?" "Yes," I agreed, wondering why

my own heart was pounding so trantically Virginia stared at me-through me-she seemed to be gathering her forces. No longer were her white hands twisting in her lap. They clenched at her side for a second. and then they fell relaxed, palms up-looking helpless, unhappy. I felt as if I must say something, so

"Miss Sturges is in my unit at the canteen-a big, red-headed girl, a little crude, but completely kindhearted. She saved me from an ugly scrape my first day on duty at the canteen." "Kind-hearted-oh, yes! Isn't ft

I went floundering on:

queer, Anne, the havoc kind-hearted people create? I've a phone message to get off at once; will you excuse me while I attend to it, and order your tea?" With her old queenly dignity and

aloofness, Virginia rose and left me to face my own questions. When she spoke so pointedly of the havor kind-hearted people create, did she mean that I had-done more harm than good? Or did she refer to Carlotta Sturges-did she even know the girl? And, above all, straws showing the way of the wind, had she gone to telephone

Sheldon Blake? (To Be Continued.)

Cakes from Bread Crumbs

The following recipes for using up stale crumbs will be appreciated by many:

Nut Cakes. Twelve ounces of fine breadcrumbs, half a pound of flour, four ounces of fine cocoanut, four ounces of margarine, four cunces of moist sugar, a quarter of an ounce of powdered ammonia, a pinch of spice, Dissolve the ammonia in a gill of milk or water, mix the flour, crumbs, cocoanut and spices together, rub the margarine and the sugar in finely, then mix up stiff with the milk or water, adding more if necessary; roll it out a quarter of an inch thick with the rollingpin, cut rounds out about four inches across, place on greased tins, wet the tops with milk, sprinkle with cocoanut, and bake in a hot

A Cheap Fruit Cake. This is a very cheap cake that can be made in small tins or on a

Half a pound of fine crumbs, half a pound of flour, a quarter of an ounce of powdered ammonia, four ounces of brown sugar, three ounces of margarine, half a pound of currants, two ounces of cut peel, half a pint of milk, a little spice. Dissolve the ammonia in the milk, rub the margarine and the sugar into the flour, then mix the crumbs and spice well in; add the milk, and when half-mixed add the fruit and mix the whole to a soft cake batter. Fill into small or large tina, flatten the tops, and bake in a hot

The Artful Parent.

"Willie has been attending to his pianoforte lessons very faithfully of late" said the youth's mother. "I don't have any trouble with him now." "How did you manage it?" asked his uncle. "Some of the neighbors complained of the poise his exercises made, and I told him about it. Now he thinks it's fun to practice."

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